

*The Historie of*

for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the *Sherife*, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hos.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hos.* The *Sherife* and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Doeſt thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the *Sherife*, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prin.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a boue. Now my Maisters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the *Sherife*.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now Maister *Sherife*, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord; a grosse fatte man.

*Car.* As fatte as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I doe assure you is not heere, for I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And *Sheriffe* I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answere thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreat you leaue the house,

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

*Prin.* It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clock. *Exit.*

*Prin.* This oyle rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstaffe*? fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

*Prin.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

*Prin.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but Papers my Lord,

*Prin.* Lets see what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon ii. s. ii. d.

Item sawce iiii. d.

Item, Sacke, two gallons. v. s. viii. d.

Item Anchoues and Sacke after supper. ii. s. vi. d.

Item bread. ob

O monstrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? what there is else, keepe close, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day; ile to the court in the morning, We must all to the wars, and thy place shal bee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score; the mony shall be payde backe againe with aduantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto*.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord Exeunt.

*Act 3.* *Enter Hoisbur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer Scene 1.*

*Owen Glendower.*

*Mor.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And